

# The Mirror

OF

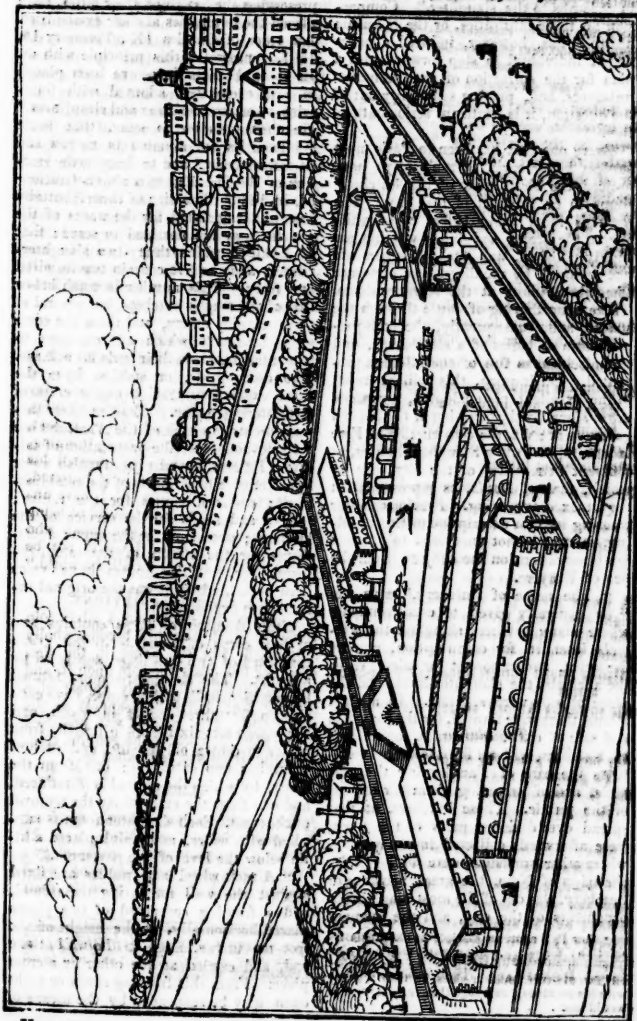
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Bird's-Eye View of an Abattoir, or French Slaughter-house.



Wx recollect hearing a celebrated Pythagorean assert, that his first resolution to abstain from *animal food*, originated in his having witnessed, through the open door of a slaughter-house, a butcher in the act of killing a calf; \* and our sensibilities have been not unfrequently shocked by the barbarous exhibition of butchers pulling in "lambs to the slaughter." Compassion for these infirmities, or the "public health," has, however, induced a benevolent individual to step forward with a plan for the correction of such inhuman nuisances, and, putting sensibility out of the question, it is worthy of serious attention.

Every one that has been to Paris must (unless he deserves Sterne's pity) have noticed the cleanliness of the butchers' shops in every street of that city. The meat is there hung before clean white cloths, the scales and brass weights are highly polished, and the passengers are not annoyed by the disgusting exposure of unclean joints at the entrance doors. There is no driving of cattle through the streets, and, consequently, the scampering alarm of ladies of a certain age, and the mischievous fun of the idle, are prevented. On inquiry, this will be traced to the excellent plan adopted, *seventeen years since*, by the direction of the French government; viz. the construction of Five *Abattoirs*, or Public Slaughter-houses, at different extremities of the city, one of which, that of *Roule*, is represented in the annexed engraving. Previous to our entering into the description of this building, it may be not incurious to quote a few observations on the subject, from the pen of Bruyere.

"The name of Butchery," says he, "is generally given to establishments where many butchers slaughter the animals intended for consumption, prepare the meat, and expose it for sale. With the ancients, the slaughter-house and the place of sale were separate. In ancient Rome, there were formed, for the purchase and sale of oxen, companies, or colleges of Butchers, who confided to their substitutes the care of slaughtering the animals, and of preparing them for the use of the public. These butchers, at first spread over different parts of the town, were afterwards collected in one quarter, where other provisions were sold. Under the reign of Nero, the great market, or butchery, was one of the most magnificent ornaments of the city, and the memory

\* Our Pythagorean disciple has kept his resolution; for which, unlike many men who give no reason for their eccentricity, he has published Twenty-two: neither does he take "gravy with his potatoes," as a sage Quarterly Reviewer would infer.

of it has been transmitted to posterity by a medal. The police of the Romans extended to Gaul, and particularly to Paris, where, from time immemorial, there existed a company, composed of a certain number of families, charged with the purchase of beasts and the sale of their meat. Governments, that have been desirous of preserving the health of their cities, have placed the butcheries at their extremities. An order of Charles IX., February 15, 1567, consecrated this principle with us. In some districts they have been placed in vast enclosures, adorned with fountains, to ensure freshness and cleanliness." He then goes on to state, that some "butcheries are situated in narrow and ill-aired streets," and to describe the erection of the five *Abattoirs* above-mentioned, in 1810. The size of these *Abattoirs* has been calculated for the wants of the quarter they are destined to serve: that of *Roule* contains thirty-two slaughter-rooms; and the five contain two hundred and forty. This number is much below that of the master butchers, but several of them employ others, and there are some slaughter-rooms which are common to two butchers, where their trade is not large. The cattle-sheds, or stables, have the same external dimension as the corps of slaughtering-rooms. Besides these arrangements, in each of the *Abattoirs* are melting-houses for the preparation of tallow. Reservoirs and pipes furnish water in abundance to all parts of the establishment; enclosed courts for the refuse; stables and sheds for the service of the butchers; open pens for the oxen; apartments for the officers of the establishment, &c. Tripe-houses have since been added, which it was the original intention to exclude."

Each *Abattoir* of Paris contains two or four corps of slaughter-rooms, each composed of two buildings, separated by a court. The slaughter-rooms, formed by partition-walls of free-stone, have each sixteen feet three inches in width, and thirty-two feet six inches in length, from centre to centre of pilaster, and each of them has two entrances; one from the court, by which the animal is introduced, and one from the exterior for the removal of the meat. Each slaughter-room is supplied with water, and a sink placed a little below the level of the pavement.

"A rack wheel and pulleys are fixed against the wall for lifting the animal, and a framing composed of two pieces placed horizontally, at the height of six feet ten inches, fixed in the wall at one end, and carried at the other by a cross piece. From this framing seven or eight oxen may be suspended by the means of

movable rails; and iron brackets fixed against the wall, serve to support the calves and sheep. These slaughter-rooms, as well as the court of communication, are built of stone, the joints being carefully stopped with a mastic of iron filings, that no offensive matter may lodge therein. The ceilings are plastered for the greater cleanliness. Small openings are made at the bottom of the doors for the circulation of air; and the roofs have a projection of about nine feet nine inches beyond the exterior walls, affording the double advantage of guaranteeing the slaughter-rooms from the heat of the sun, and protecting the butchers from the weather while working in the courtyard.

**"Ox-Stalls and Sheep-Pens.**—The days on which the animals arrive at Paris, are seldom the days on which they are killed. It is therefore necessary to have places to receive them. These buildings, of the most simple form and construction, have about twenty-nine feet three inches in width, on the inside. Large stone arches supply the place of girders, and support the joists of the flooring of the upper rooms. A second range of arches supplies the place of principals for the roof, and receives the purlines. The upper floor is partitioned into as many divisions as there are slaughter-rooms, that each butcher may secure his own forage; and each building is supplied with a very large cistern.

For the translation of the preceding description of the French Abattoirs, and for the introduction of the plan generally to the British public, we are indebted to Mr. Hakewill, the architect, known in the literary world as the author of a "Picturesque Tour in Italy."—The nuisances of the cattle-market at Smithfield, and the slaughter-houses of London, are grievances of long standing, but they were specially noticed in the *Times* newspaper of June 9, and September 1, of last year; in the communication of the latter date, the London system is there briefly stated. The writer dwells with much emphasis on the cruel practices of many drovers, whom he describes as "more brutal than the beasts they drive." "From fatigue and ill-usage," says he, "their fevered blood must be in a state little short of putrefaction; and their flesh must be as far removed as possible from that healthy state in which alone it ought to become the food of the meanest of the people; yet, from such meat, are the tables of the rich and luxurious supplied." After describing the questionable salubrity of those neighbourhoods in which slaughter-houses are congregated, he proposes the following

amended plan for the supply of meat to the metropolis.

"Instead of the single market of Smithfield, I would suggest four markets, two on the north, and two on the south side of London, at the eastern and western points, perhaps no better stations could be found for them than in the neighbourhood of Kilburn and Hackney, Wimbledon and Blackheath, where the several great roads afford easy and immediate access to the town and in the midst of abundant pastures, where the cattle, if purchased at a distance, may at least be fed at hand.

"In imitation of the excellent and humane institution of the Abattoirs of Paris, I would propose, for the much greater size of London, ten instead of five of these slaughter houses. These should be erected towards the extremities of the town, to avoid as much as possible, the necessity of the cattle being driven through the streets. On the north side of London: 1st, in the neighbourhood of the Edgware-road; 2nd, near Tavistock-square, on the edge of the New Road; 3rd, about Haberdasher's Alms Houses, near the Great North Road; and 4th, in some place near Bethnal Green. On the south side of London; 5th, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges; 6th, in the open square near the Obelisk; 7th, at Bermondsey, near the Kent Road; and 8th, between Rotherhithe and Deptford. While on the north-east of the town, a 9th would be needed about Stepney, between the Mile End and Commercial Road; and a 10th at the west end of the town of Chelsea, between the King's and Putney Roads."

It appears by an extract from *Stowe's London*, that, according to the Fourth Act of Henry VII., cap. 3., butchers, carrying on this part of their trade within the city of London, are amenable to the fines therein imposed, and exercise their trades against its provisions.

Since the publication of the above letters, a public meeting has been held on the question, and a committee formed, preparatory to its being submitted to the consideration of Parliament. Mr. Hakewill proposes to adopt the French plan, of which he gives the following estimate, and mode of employing the buildings:

"The average quantity of ground employed for an Abattoir, is about six acres. The value of which, if freehold, will be (in ground, not offering any particular advantages to builders,) about £1,200. This space would give accommodation to fifty slaughter-rooms, a tripery and melting-house. The estimate

of the expense of the buildings and the enclosure of the same by a wall, is about £20,000, making a total of £21,200.

To give an adequate return for such an expenditure, I calculate—

|                                  |        |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| * Fifty slaughter-rooms, at £25. |        |
| per annum .....                  | £1,250 |
| Tripery .....                    | 100    |
| Melting-house .....              | 100    |

£1,450

As friends and illustrators of public improvement, we are bound to express our conviction of the general practicability of this plan, and its importance to the inhabitants of the metropolis. Even the removal of that focus of filth and nauseating odours, Warwick Lane, would be no inconsiderable amelioration of that part of the city, as our good friends of Paternoster Row will allow; but the grave faculty of physicians seem to have taken the alarm long since, for they have removed their *sanctum* to a splendid new college, in one of the most elevated and salubrious situations of the metropolis; while their dismal old temple in Warwick Lane is deserted. Again: what is less inviting to the traveller, than the entrance to London by Whitechapel, or through the effluvia, and clamour of a Smithfield-market—what a contrast between the fresh breezes of the North Road, and the steamy exhalations of hundreds of wearied beasts, in wet weather half covered with mud and filth, and in summer rendered still more offensive by oppressive heat.

We should add, that Mr. Hakewill's observations are accompanied by three engravings:—1. The Bird's Eye View. 2. Plan of the same. 3. Plan and Section of a Slaughter-Room, &c., and that they may be purchased of the booksellers.

\* The regular charge at a slaughter-house for dressing and hanging an animal, where the office of executioner is performed by the butcher himself, is two shillings per head. As very few, even of the minor butchers, consume less than four beasts per week, this sum is nearly paid by them at present, for the convenience of one branch only of their trade: and when it is considered that a slaughter-room would accommodate two butchers carrying on trade to that extent, their saving is evidently very considerable even on that head.

† Whilst on the subject of Markets, we are happy to add, that some progress is about to be made in the improvement of Covent Garden Market, and a bill for that purpose will be presented to Parliament during the next session.

THE proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews, and the reason he gave was, because by them he knew the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing.—*Selden*.

## LINES

*Written at the Tomb of the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral. The arms, accoutrements, &c. which he wore at Crécy, hang mouldering above.*

(For the Mirror.)

Ye are dim! ye are dark! ye relics of him  
Whose glory shall never grow dark or dim,  
The rust is gathered on helm and glaive  
Which were wont in unclouded brightness to

wave,  
Flashing your soul-stirring radiance fell—  
Where is that splendour unutterable?

Glorious and high was the trust conferred  
On the shield, that mighty heart to guard.  
Glorious and high—but this buckler seems  
Not the one which we saw in our sweet day-  
dreams,  
'Tis rifled and stained, not by blood or brand,  
This—is not meet for the "mighty hand."

Is this that one—like a beacon, which rose  
Where like hungriest wolves poured the ocean  
of foes,  
Where the life-stream gushed out, not as moun-  
tain rill,  
But as rivers that rush the sea-depths to fill—  
To point out the spot where the mighty should  
fall,  
Is this that one which shone "lord above all?"

The web of the spider in calmness may clasp  
The gauntlet which burned in the warrior's  
grasp,  
The owl may take up her lonely night sent  
In the vest, where a conqueror's heart should  
beat!

But his hand is not raised, his own hawk will not  
spring  
With "fear in his eye, and death on his wing."

Relics of fame! ye are wasted and lone,  
As your master who sleeps in his rest-place of  
stone;  
But we turn from the glittering things which are  
near,

With a sorrowful eye, yet undimmed with a  
tear,  
To those which are wanting in splendour and  
shine,  
Save the halo of glory which dwells o'er their  
shrine!

Lonely and wasted, ye tell yet a tale,  
To crimson the cheek that in sorrow is pale,  
Of a name that shall die not, though glimmering  
steel

The "sharp tooth of ages," all aidless may  
feel,  
Of a name that for ever a watchword shall be,  
Whilst hands strike unshrinking, for love,  
liberty!

Relics! ye tell of the fame, which rests not  
On the breath of a legend which may be forgot:  
Not of burnt cities, and kingdoms undone,  
Where the many but bled for the gain of but  
one—

But of the knight in whose "fair deeds" may  
shine,  
Valour, gentleness, mercy, in union divine!

THOMAS M——.

## ENGLISH AND FRENCH THEATRES COMPARED.

Tros Rutulave fuit, nullo discrimine habebat,  
VIRG. ÆN. i. 108.  
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.  
DRAUDEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the usual volatility and the natural frivolity of the Parisians, they *never* talk,\* nor even whisper, during a performance; whereas John Bull, with all his reputation for closeness and gravity, *does nothing but talk* from beginning to end. It is a pity they have not better actors. English actors, a French audience, and such dramatic authors as both nations boast, combined, would approach very near the *perfection* of the drama. I doubt if Miss Smithson and the others will ever have patience to play before their boisterous countrymen again; the superior attention of a French audience will have completely spoiled them; while, on the other hand, their superior acting will as completely have spoiled them. Sentinels, more numerous than at the English theatres, guard all the avenues, and preserve order in the interior as well. There are no *Mister Bonds* there. This is all very well for a military nation like France, but it would not do here. Uproarious John Bull would not relish the frown of a musket inside a playhouse; it is incompatible with his notions of civil liberty.

Whatever superior *comfort* John may have at his fire-side, the *French* have certainly more of it at a theatre. Thus, instead of the pully-hauling of our ragamuffin mobs, the visitors who await the opening of the doors are arranged regularly in files of two or three abreast; and, although the crowd consists probably of hundreds, no pressure or inconvenience is felt, and every person is quietly and gently admitted in his turn. There are equally excellent arrangements for leaving the theatre, when not the smallest confusion or uproar takes place. Their theatres are less profusely decorated than ours; but their mode of lighting them has some resemblance to ours. An enormous chandelier, or rather a double row of Argand lamps, is suspended from the centre, which diffuses a gentle and agreeable light through the whole house. Ladies are not, as with us, admitted into the pit, except at some of the minor theatres; and, oddly enough, their pit is

\* Nor will they permit others. I remember I was in a box at the theatre du Vaudeville, aside a Parisian bourgeois, as intensely fixed all the while on the stage, as a culprit on the judge at the Old Bailey. I happened to whisper a remark once or twice to my friend, when she tapped me with her fan: "Monsieur, n'yez la complaisance de vous taire. Vous ne voyez pas ce qui se fait là bas?"

*cheaper* than the gallery. Again, when "Sentiments trapping all, huzzaning, clapping all,

Show how much sap in all heads in the house; when, so often injudiciously, an English audience clap an actor during his speech, the business must be suspended and all effect annihilated, by his *stopping* very graciously to *acknowledge* their favours!† "They order these things better in France;" a French actor never sacrifices his author to any such personal nonsense. After the successful performance of a new piece, the name of the author is loudly demanded, and his appearance on the stage required. The moment he is seen, the house rings with acclamation; he replies with a few humble *congrès* and retires. I think we might very well adopt this custom ourselves, as also their manner of remunerating the authors of successful pieces, which appears to me infinitely more judicious than our own. They are allowed a certain share of the profits during life, and the benefit descends to their families for ten years after their decease; which regulation extends through every theatre in France.—And here I would notice that curious anomaly: the French, a decidedly more dramatic people, do yet, compared with us, consider players a degraded class of individuals, and actually refuse them Christian burial!

I would also advert to a disgusting practice, prevalent among them, of *spitting* during the performance. At the Théâtre du Vaudeville, I remember seeing a dashing young lover turn aside from his mistress whom he was apostrophizing very ardently, to—weep?—no, gentle reader,—to spit on the floor! So much for the *purity of the French "boards!"*

But the most curious dramatic discrepancy between the French and English, is their *variorum* readings of the sixth commandment; they are not wider in their constructions of the fourth. "Among all our methods of moving pity or terror," says Addison, "there is none so absurd and barbarous, and which exposes us more to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than the dreadful butchering of one another, which is very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, or racked, is certainly a sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French

† It may be truly said, with Cicero, "dum tacent clamant," their *silence* is the best applause. The intense and breathless attention, which proves the illusion produced by a clever actor is complete; that is the best and least equivocal criterion of excellence, and this expressive silence should be the only applause permitted, till the play be over. I speak of tragedy.

critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd to see our stage strewn with carcasses in the last scenes of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for prison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which, in general, is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people; but, as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure." Steele has said, in the *Tatler*; "Rapin observes, that the English theatre very much delights in bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an indication of our tempers." \* \* \* The truth of it is, this politeness of the English stage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. \* \* \* We act murders to show our intrepidity, and adulteries to show our gallantry. I would not have it thought, that there is just ground for those consequences which our enemies draw against us from these practices." *Who would* have it thought? To prove, however, that the French do still retain this notion, and to prove the silliness of the notion, I shall quote from a recent Paris letter, in the *Lit. Gaz.* of Oct. 6. "The English theatre continues to draw crowded houses. On Thursday evening Mr. Kemble appeared in *Othello*, and the theatre was honoured by the presence of the Duchess de Berri. His acting was very fine, and produced rapturous applause, except in the smothering scene, when hisses and groans, both loud and deep, marked the decided disapprobation of committing murder on the stage. Our neighbours are so very, very refined, and of such delicate nerves, that the bare idea of a murder, execution, or assassination is inexpressible;—so that Horatius in Corneille's tragedy, when he kills his sister, runs after her and murders her in the side scenes;\* groans, shrieks, and cries *en coulisses* (behind the scenes) are allowable; but the public must not see the bloody deed. How are we to account for this mawkish sensibility? The same public which in the morning would crowd in thousands to see an execution, would in the evening cry out shame on a sham representation of it on the stage!" How consistently they must have insisted on this dramatic dogma during the revolu-

tion! How very delicately now'd must they be who could enact such a revolution. How very sensitive they, who, during its most bloody periods, and after daily spectacles of bloodshed at their very doors, could attend theatres at all, as we have seen they heartlessly did every night of their lives!! So much for their consistency! One other instance of their absurdity, and the curtain shall drop. "The French have such an aversion to any of their dramatis personæ dying on the stage, that in the opera of Artaxerxes, when Artabanes falls lifeless in the arms of the attendants, he generally gives a little kick with his foot, as the curtain drops, to show that he has not violated the rules, by dying on the stage!"

We have seen the French and English theatres are at present very differently organized; but this will not long be the case. The remarkable dramatic union now in progress between the two countries, will certainly lead to the adoption of each other's dramatic excellencies.

WILLIAM P.

#### LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LAMENTED KIESEWETTER.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN splendid talent and acknowledged worth  
Are called too eagerly to unplying earth:  
And modest genius, in his brightest bloom,  
Is summoned to the drear and rayless tomb,  
When generous ardour, and a stainless mind/  
With manly truth and energy combin'd,  
Become to death's unsparring hand a prey,  
And pass for ever from this world away—  
'Tis meet the feeling bosom should deplore,  
And sigh that so much merit is no more:  
This is a testimony which we all owe,  
Of just regret and honourable woe,  
Which every noble spirit should command,  
Of whatever age, or of whatever hand.  
And shall that well-earn'd honour not be paid  
To poor lamented Kieseewetter's shade?  
Whose master-hand could lull deep-pang'd dis-

tress,

In momentary sweet forgetfulness:  
Dispel the tear that dimm'd misfortune's eye,  
And into balmy smiles transform her sigh;  
Waken to joyous mirth each troubled mien,  
Till naught but gladdening merriment was seen,  
Then with his matchless touch produce a strain  
That wrapt the soul in mournful mood again.  
Cannot the thought of such a man inspire  
One bard of fame to strike his laurel'd lyre,  
And render to his honour'd memory  
A single note of grateful sympathy?  
Is there not one, of all the tuneful throng,  
To give the earnest of a farewell song?  
Not one, who, to departed genius just,  
Will add a trophy to his cypress'd bust,  
And bless the humble grave with generous  
breast,

Where unassuming virtue takes her rest?  
Why are ye mute, ye sons of poesy,  
With such a theme for heartfelt minstrelsy!

\* This is the precise absurdity mentioned by Addison, who calls it, "murdering in cold blood."



But tho' no polish'd soul-uplifting verse,  
 Sounds forth to consecrate thy solemn hearse;  
*My* simple muse, far lowliest of the low,  
 An unaffected tribute shall bestow,  
 And dwell with fond emotion and regret,  
 On thee my friend whom she can *ne'er* forget;  
 And though no pompous urn or marble grace  
 Thy last and solitary resting place,  
 Yet to the sacred spot shall friendship hie,  
 And thereon gazing with a plaintive eye,  
 Let fall a tear-drop o'er the narrow cell,  
 Where one reposes whom she lov'd so well,  
 And give an offering of sincere respect,  
 Which, sainted spirit, thou wilt not reject.

J. E. S.

These lines, which are highly honourable to the heart of the writer, have been handed to us by a respectable correspondent, for the purpose of drawing the sympathy of the public to the condition of Kiesewetter's widow, who, we regret to hear, is left in untoward circumstances, with eight or nine children, in Germany. We know Kiesewetter to have been a man of integrity, and he bore this character among the members of his profession, who, in testimony of their respect for him, have arranged a concert for the 18th instant, for the benefit of his widow and orphans. Subjoined is a biographical memorandum of the deceased, from which it will be seen that he was one of the first violinists of the age.

Christoph Gottfried Kiesewetter, born at Anspach, in the year 1777, was the son of Johann Frederick Kiesewetter, first violin at the Royal Chapel of Anspach, and one of the best performers of the school of Beuda. C. G. Kiesewetter had, since the winter of 1821, spent much of his time in England, where he acquired great popularity by his concerto and solo playing. A competent judge of the science has observed, that "Kiesewetter was on the violin, what Munden was in comedy; like him, he could either raise a smile by his comic skips and eccentric *roulement*, or move the heart by his touches of exquisite feeling." His first performance in London was at the Philharmonic Concert, where his success was complete. He was the first who introduced the compositions of the celebrated Mayseder into this country. In the season of 1824, he performed at the Spiritual and other concerts in London. Kiesewetter was engaged at the late Leicester Music Meeting, where he played once. He was also engaged at Norwich, but the committee would not suffer him to perform, in consequence of the indisposition under which he was labouring. Mr. Oury, leader of the ballets at the Opera House, was fortunately with him. From that gentleman

he received every attention. Mr. Oury brought him to London, on the night of Sunday, the 23rd of September, 1827, and never left him till he breathed his last, on the morning of the following Friday.

## Anecdotal Portraits.

## LORD BYRON.

## HIS BOOKS.

(From "*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*," by Leigh Hunt.)

LORD BYRON's collection of books was poor, and consisted chiefly of new ones. I remember little among them but the English works published at Basle (Kames, Robertson, Watson's History of Philip II., &c.) and new ones occasionally sent him from England. He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakspeare and Milton; "because," he said, "he had been accused of borrowing from them!" He affected to doubt whether Shakspeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it; an extravagance, of which none but a patrician author could have been guilty. However, there was a greater committal of himself at the bottom of this notion than he supposed; and, perhaps, circumstances had really disenabled him from having the proper idea of Shakspeare, though it could not have fallen so short of the truth as he pretended. Spenser he could not read; at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the *Fairy Queen*, and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study window and said, "Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see any thing in him;" and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spenser is not very likely; but I really do not think that he saw much. Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. It would have been impossible to persuade him that Sandys's Ovid was better than Addison's and Croxall's. He wanted faith in the interior of poetry, to relish it, unpruned and unpopular. Besides, he himself was to be mixed up somehow with every thing, whether to approve it or disapprove. When he found Sandys's Ovid among my books, he said, "God! what an unpleasant recollection I have of this book! I met with it on my wedding-day; I read it while I was waiting to go to church." Sandys, who is any thing but an anti-bridal poet, was thencefor-

ward to be nobody but an old fellow who had given him an unpleasant sensation. The only great writer of past times whom he read with avowed satisfaction, was Montaigne, as the reader may see by an article in the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the same article may be seen the reasons why, and the passages that he marked in that author. Franklin he liked. He respected him for his acquisition of wealth and power; and would have stood in awe, had he known him, of the refined worldliness of his character, and the influence it gave him. Franklin's works and Walter Scott's were among his favourite reading. His liking for such of the modern authors as he preferred in general, was not founded in a compliment to them; but Walter Scott, with his novels, his fashionable repute, and his ill-opinion of the world whom he fell in with, enabled him to enter heartily into his merits, and he read him over and over again with unaffected delight. Sir Walter was his correspondent, and appears to have returned the regard; though, if I remember, the dedication of "The Mystery," frightened him. They did not hold each other in the less estimation, the one for being a lord and the other a lover of lords; neither did Sir Walter's connexion with the calumniating press of Edinburgh at all shock his noble friend. It added rather "a fearful joy" to his esteem; carrying with it a look of something "bloody, bold, and resolute;" at the same time, more resolute than bold, and more death-dealing than either; a sort of available other-man's weapon, which increased the sum of his power, and was a set-off against his character for virtue.

His favourite reading was history and travels. I think I am correct in saying that his favourite authors were Bayle and Gibbon. Gibbon was altogether a writer calculated to please him. There was a show in him, and at the same time a tone of the world, a self-complacency and a sarcasm, a love of things aristocratical, with a tendency to be liberal on other points of opinion, and to crown all, a splendid success in authorship, and a high and piquant character with the fashionable world, which formed a strong sympathy in the bosom of his noble reader. Then, in his private life, Gibbon was a voluptuous recluse; he had given celebrity to a foreign residence, possessed a due sense of the merits of wealth as well as rank; and last, perhaps not least, was no speaker in parliament. I may add, that the elaborate style of his writing pleased the lover of the artificial in poetry, while the cynical turn of his satire amused the genius of

*Don Juan*. And finally, his learning and research supplied the indolent man of letters with the information which he had left at school.

#### AS A TABLE COMPANION.

It is a credit to my noble acquaintance, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid. It was a little before he left Italy; and there was a point in contest between us (not regarding myself) which he thought perhaps I should persuade him to give up. When in his cups, which was not often, nor immoderately, he was inclined to be tender; but not weakly so, nor lachrymose. I know not how it might have been with everybody, but he paid me the compliment of being excited to his very best feelings; and when I rose late to go away, he would hold me down, and say with a look of entreaty, "Not yet." Then it was that I seemed to talk with the proper natural Byron as he ought to have been; and there was not a sacrifice I could not have made to keep him in that temper, and see his friends love him as much as the world admired. Next morning it was all gone. His intimacy with the worst part of mankind had got him again in its chilling crust; and nothing remained but to despair and joke.

#### HIS SUPERSTITION.

His superstition was remarkable. I do not mean in the ordinary sense, because it was superstition, but because it was petty and old-womanish. He believed in the ill-luck of Fridays, and was seriously disconcerted if any thing was to be done on that frightful day of the week. Had he been a Roman, he would have started at crows, while he made a jest of augurs. He used to tell a story of somebody's meeting him, while in Italy, in St. James's-street. The least and most childish of superstitions may, it is true, find subtle corners of warrant in the greatest minds; but as the highest pictures in Lord Byron's poetry were imitations, so in the smallest of his personal superstitions he was maintained by something not his own. His turn of mind was material egotism, and some remarkable experiences had given it a compulsory twist the other way; but it never grew kindly or loftily in that quarter. Hence his taking refuge from uneasy thoughts, in sarcasm, and trifling, and notoriety.



What there is of a good-natured philosophy in *Don Juan*, was not foreign to his wishes; but it was the commonplace of the age, repeated with an air of discovery by the noble lord, and as ready to be thrown in the teeth of those from whom he took it, provided anybody laughed at them. His soul might well have been met in St. James's-street, for in the remotest of his poetical solitudes it was there. As to those who attribute the superstition of men of letters to infidelity, and then object to it for being inconsistent, because it is credulous, there is no greater inconsistency than their own; for as it is the very essence of infidelity to doubt, so according to the nature it inhabits, it may as well doubt whether such and such things do not exist, as whether they do; whereas, on the other hand, belief in particular dogmas, by the very nature of its tie, is precluded from this uncertainty, perhaps at the expense of being more foolishly certain.

To explain myself very freely, I look upon Lord Byron as an excessive instance of what we see in hundreds of cases every day; namely, of the unhappy consequences of a parentage that ought never to have existed—of the perverse and discordant humours of those who were the authors of his being. His father was a rake of the wildest description; his mother a violent woman, very unfit to improve the offspring of such a person. She would vent her spleen by loading her child with reproaches; and add, by way of securing their bad effect, that he would be as great a reprobate as his father. Thus did his parents embitter his nature; thus they embittered his memory of them, contradicted his beauty with deformity, and completed the mischances of his existence. Perhaps both of them had a goodness at heart, which had been equally perplexed. It is not that individuals are to blame, or that human nature is bad; but that experience has not yet made it wise enough. Animal beauty they had, at least a sense of. In this our poet was conceived; but contradiction of all sorts was superadded, and he was born handsome, wilful, and lame. A happy childhood might have corrected his evil tendencies; but he had it not; and the upshot was, that he spent an uneasy, over-excited life, and that society have got an amusing book or two by his misfortunes. The books may even help to counteract the spreading of such a misfortune; and so far it may be better for society that he lived. But this is a rare case. Thousands of such mistakes are round about us, with nothing to show for them but complaint and unhappiness.

## THE IRISH BAR.

LORD AVONMORE was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe), Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite unconscious of anything that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; therefore, I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "therefore, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought that he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; therefore, I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "therefore" betray him.—*Clubs of London.*

## DOMESTIC INVENTIONS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

**Soap**, or as it is sometimes spelt, *sope*, is according to Barclay derived from the Saxon *sape*; and although this useful article is no doubt of great antiquity, the manufacture of it in this country is comparatively but of recent date. As the first soap-boiling house erected in London was about the year 1650, when John Lambe, dwelling in Grass (Gracechurch) Street, set up one for the making of that article, previous to which period, Mr. Pennant says, that London was usually served with soap called *castle* (Castile) soap, and some other kinds usually imported from beyond seas in hard cakes; inferior sorts, viz. gray, speckled with white, usually charged a penny per pound, and black soap at a halfpenny, were chiefly brought from Bristol (Bristol).

**Baking**.—The origin of baking bread as a trade is involved in much doubt: it is supposed to have been at first practised in the east—so passed from thence to Greece, and was finally introduced to Rome about 583. Previous to 1443, there were no bakers' shops in London; before that date the inhabitants of Stratford were bakers for the whole city: they sold their bread every day except on Sundays and great festivals, which was brought in carts; and they were ordered to stand—three in Cheapside, two in Cornhill, and one in Gracechurch-street.—The Stratford baking finally ceased in 1568.—In the year 1512, there being a great scarcity, the Stratford bakers were severely handled by the famishing populace.—In the latter part of Henry VI. the citizens purchased the ancient fabric called Leadenhall, and under the direction of Sir Simon Eye, it was converted into a public granary.

**Bellows**.—The first idea of this well-known utensil was probably suggested by a hollow reed.—*Beckman's Inventions* inform us, that bellows were used by the Greeks, and almost a fac-simile of their modern shape has been found upon a Roman lamp. Some authors, however, refer their invention to the Germans about the fifth century; and Dr. Clarke ascribes their origin to the *Wallachian* bellows, which were made by fixing a round pipe to the skin of an animal's neck, and fastening two wooden handles to the place of the feet.—In several antique vases, which are to be found in the cabinets of the curious, may be seen some bellows of a singular form, accompanying Vulcan and his Cyclops.—In

the 12th century there was an officer employed in our royal kitchens called the bellows blower, whose duty was not only to take charge of the fires, &c., but also to see that his majesty's soup was neither burnt nor smoked in the preparation.

**Dutch (or portable) Ovens** are supposed to be of classical antiquity. In the tenth century they were usually made of pottery ware.—Dr. Pegge, the antiquarian, conjectures, that the curfew was also a contrivance for baking bread or other things, as well as covering the fire at night.

**Snuffers**, are decidedly of great antiquity, being often mentioned in holy writ, under the levitical ordinances. They were also used by the Greeks and Romans; and Montfaucon has given us a print of some lamp-tweezers, somewhat resembling a tuning-fork in shape, with a long ornamented handle; this idea answers to the Anglo-Saxon *candel-twist*. Snuffers are not, however, of much antiquity in this country, for in the Rev. John Nichols's progress of Queen Elizabeth, he speaks (as a great curiosity) of her having "two pair of small snuffers silver gilt."

**Milk Pails**, were among the Romans usually made of copper, something like our modern stewpans, only broader and much deeper. The Anglo-Saxons termed this utensil *æsten*, or *milk-sat*, and with them was usually carried between two persons, a pole or stick being thrust through the two handles.

**Sea Coal** was first brought into use in London in the reign of Edward I., principally among the brewers and dyers. Great complaints, however, at first existed against the "crying nuisance," until after several proclamations forbidding the use of coals, a tax was laid upon them, and the benefit of the revenue, together with their superior utility, at length silenced all objections.

**Sash Windows** first began to be introduced in the room of casements under the early part of Charles I., although they were by no means general until the latter part of Queen Anne. They were originally very massy, and the joints left in square pieces to contribute, as it was supposed to strength, with a reduction of perhaps at least one half the light. What a contrast those are to the truly elegant and light sashes of modern date; some of which are so extremely fine, as to make the whole window itself, at a distance, resemble one piece of glass. JACOBUS.

## The Contemporary Traveller.

NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE LATE MISSION TO AVA.

(Concluded from page 31.)

ON landing we were received with ceremonious politeness by a Wungyi and Atwenwun, the two highest classes of officers under the Burmese government. These were the individuals who had negotiated and signed the treaty of Yandabu. The politeness which dictated the selection of these two individuals was obvious.

Our audience, under various pretexts, was put off from day to day until the 21st of October. In the meanwhile we were treated with attention. The expenses of the whole mission were paid, and we were put under no other constraint than that of not being permitted to enter the walls of the town, a liberty which would have been contrary to established etiquette. Meanwhile the negotiation had commenced, and on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, we were present, by special invitation, at the annual display of boat-races, which take place yearly when the waters of the Irawadi begin to fall. The king and queen, with the princes and nobility, were all present. The splendour of this pageant far exceeded our expectation, and would have made a figure in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, as one of the good things got up by virtue of Aladdin's lamp.

The period chosen for our presentation was that of one of the annual festivals, when the tributaries, princes, and nobility offer presents to his majesty, and their wives to the queen.

Boats were sent for our accommodation, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon we reached the front of the palace. An elephant was appropriated to each of the English gentlemen, and the procession moved on until arriving at the Ringdau, or Hall of Justice, which is to the east side of the palace, where we were detained for nearly three hours, to afford us an opportunity of admiring the pomp and magnificence of the Burmese court, but above all, to afford the court an opportunity of displaying it.

At that place the whole court, with the exception of his majesty, passed in review before us, beginning with the officers of lowest rank, and ending with the princes of the blood. The courtiers were in their dresses of ceremony, and each chief was accompanied by a numerous retinue, besides elephants and horses. The retainers of Menzagyi, the queen's brother, the most powerful chief about the court, could not have been fewer than three hundred.

We were at length summoned into the royal presence. The etiquette insisted upon with Colonel Symes seemed not to have escaped the recollection of the Burman officers, and they would have had us to practice the same ceremonies he had been necessitated to submit to, but times had changed. These ceremonies consisted in making repeated obeisances to the walls of the palace, and in walking bare-footed, or at least without shoes, across the court-yard. All this we peremptorily refused, although the officers who led the procession showed us a very good example in prostrating themselves repeatedly, by throwing their bodies prone upon the bare ground. Upon reaching the bottom of the stairs leading to the hall of audience we voluntarily took off our shoes, passed through the long hall, and seated ourselves in front of the throne. His majesty did not keep us long waiting. After a hymn had been chanted by a band of Bramins in white, he made his appearance upon the opening of a folding-door behind the throne, and mounted the steps which led to the latter briskly. He was in his richest dress of state—wore a crown, and held in his hand the tail of a Thibet cow, which is one of the Burman regalia, and takes the place of a sceptre.

He was no sooner seated than her majesty, who, whether on public or private occasions, is inseparable from him, presented herself in a dress equally rich with his, and more fantastic. Both had on a load of rich jewels. She seated herself on his majesty's right hand. She was immediately followed by the little princess, their only child, a girl about five years of age. Upon the appearance of the king and queen the courtiers humbly prostrated themselves. The English gentlemen made a bow to each, touching the forehead with the right hand. The first thing done was to read a list of certain offerings made by the king to some temples of celebrity at the capital. The reason for doing this was assigned. The temples in question were said to contain relics of Gautama, to be representatives of his divinity, and therefore fit objects of worship. His majesty having thus discharged his religious obligations, received in his turn the devotions and homage of the princes and chiefs.

The king did not address a word in person to the officers of the mission; but an Atwenwun, or privy-councillor, read a short list of questions, as if coming from the king. These, as far as I can recollect, were as follow:—

“Are the king and queen of England, their sons and daughters, and all the nobility of the kingdom well?”

"Have the seasons been of late years propitious in England?"

"How long have you been on your voyage from India to this place?" &c.

Betle, tobacco, and pickled tea were after this presented to the English gentlemen, a mark of attention shown to no one else. They afterwards received each a small ruby, a silk dress, and some lackered boxes. This being over, and a few titles bestowed and proclaimed throughout the hall, the king and queen retired, the courtiers prostrating themselves as when they entered. Their majesties had sat in all about three quarters of an hour. The Burman court, upon the present occasion, appeared in all the pomp and splendour of which it is capable, and the spectacle was certainly not a little imposing. The princes and nobility were in their court dresses, of purple velvet, with a profusion of lace and gold. The hall of audience is a gorgeous and elegant apartment, supported by ninety-six pillars, and the whole is one blaze of rich gilding.

In going through the court-yard the white elephant, and some other royal curiosities, were shown to us; and we stopped for a moment to see an exhibition of tumblers, buffoons, and dancing-girls.

After the audience the gentlemen of the mission were occupied for several successive days in paying visits to the heir-apparent, the Prince of Sarawadi, the dowager queen, and the queen's brother. By all these personages they were received with marked politeness and attention. The ladies presented themselves on these occasions as well as the men. There was no reserve in respect to the fair sex.

The negotiation was then renewed, and on the 23rd of November, besides settling some points respecting frontier, a short treaty of commerce of four articles was concluded.

The mission continued at the Burman capital in all about two months and a half, and quitted it on the 12th of December, after being honoured with two audiences of his majesty, the one on occasion of catching a wild elephant, and the other on that of weaning a young one, favourite diversions of the king. On the occasions in question his majesty threw off all reserve, and conversed freely and familiarly with our countrymen. On the day of departure presents were sent for the governor-general, and each of the English gentlemen received a title of nobility.

The Irawadi, which, swollen by the periodical rains, was deep and broad in coming up, was found in descending to have fallen from twenty to thirty feet, and the navigation consequently proved

extremely intricate and tedious. The steam-vessel was in all a-ground fifteen days, and frequently ran the risk of being totally lost. The voyage to Rangoon occupied thirty-five days, which, in a small boat suited for the river, ought to have been performed in ten. At Pagan, about eighty miles below Ava, the mission was for the first time informed of the insurrection of the Talains. At Henzada and Donabew the inhabitants were seen flying from the seat of insurrection. The insurgents were first seen at Paulang. This place, where the river is not above sixty yards broad, was strongly stockaded in three places, and the Talains were seen standing to their arms. The steam-vessel came to for a few moments to request a safe passage for the baggage and boats which were behind, and for the boats of some merchants which accompanied them, amounting in all to about twenty-two. Boats put off immediately, and the Talains came on board without the least hesitation. They were full of friendly professions, and requested only our neutrality. Our visitors saluted us in the manner of English sepoy, standing up. This they said was the positive order of his Talain majesty, who declared he would permit no one henceforth to crouch in his presence, or that of any other chief. They also boasted that they treated their prisoners after the English fashion, that is to say, disarmed them and set them at liberty without offering them any personal violence. They claimed the greater merit for this, on account of the conduct observed by the Burmans towards them, who, they alleged, put all their prisoners to death, or, as they expressed it, "divided them into three parts."

On the morning of the 17th the mission reached Rangoon. The Burman flag was seen flying on one side of the river, and the Talain on the other, not 600 yards asunder. The town of Rangoon was invested on all sides by the Talains, and the suburbs had been burnt to the ground. We had hardly been at anchor half an hour, and were engaged in reading our letters and newspapers, when the garrison made a sortie, and an action took place, reckoned the most considerable since the commencement of the insurrection. On both sides it was paltry and contemptible to the last degree. The Talains in one place caught sleeping or cooking fled to their boats, and were soon seen crossing the river in great numbers. At another post between the town and the great Pagoda they were more vigilant, and easily repulsed a feeble and cowardly attack made by the Burmans. On the 23rd the mission left Rangoon, and in

less than four-and-twenty hours reached the new settlement of Amherst, in the harbour of which we found lying the company's ships Investigator and Ternade, and a large fleet of gun-boats. To these in a few days were added the large merchant ships Almorah, Felicitas, and Bombay Merchant, with two trading brigs and some schooners. This was a curious spectacle in a harbour which was not known to exist ten months ago. The settlement contains from sixteen to seven hundred inhabitants. Maulamhyeng, the military cantonment, twenty-seven miles further up the river, contains twice this number, chiefly camp followers. Neither of them had a single inhabitant a few months back, but on the contrary were covered with a thick forest. This fine country already produces some of the necessaries and comforts of European life, in a degree which, under all circumstances, is remarkable. Fowls are to be had in abundance for five rupees per dozen; a milch buffalo and calf for fifteen rupees; fish is in abundance, and of excellent quality. The best kinds are the Calcop, the large mullet, and the Mangoe-fish. It is curious that this last is found in plenty both in the rivers of Rangoon and of Martaban, with roes, for nine months of the year, or from December to August inclusive; whereas in the Hoogly three months is the utmost limit of their season.

On the 26th the mission proceeded to Maulamhyeng, and on the 28th ascended the Ataran river in the steam-vessel. This stream, which is deep and free from danger, might be navigated for fifty miles up by vessels of 3 to 400 tons burden. It leads to Teak forests, distant about seventy-five miles, inexhaustible in quantity, and of the largest scantling.

On the 8th of February the ship Bombay Merchant having been taken up for the accommodation of the mission, the members embarked that evening, and on the following morning sailed for Calcutta.

*Brewster's Journal.*

### Biographettes for the Month.

#### JANUARY.

Jan. 11, 1752, died,

SIR HANS SLOANE.

He was born at Killeleagh, in Ireland, in 1660. He was educated for a physician, which profession he followed, and is supposed to have graduated at Montpellier, where he resided some time, and was esteemed by Tournefort, Chirac, and Magnol. In 1684, he settled in London, and was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, as well as a member of the

College of Physicians. In 1687, he went to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle; but his grace dying soon afterwards, Dr. Sloane did not continue there above fifteen months, when he returned to England with a rich store of plants. On being chosen secretary to the Royal Society, in 1693, he revived the publication of their transactions, which had been suspended some years. This office he held till 1712. In 1701, he was created doctor of physic at Oxford, and he was also an associate of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. In 1707, he published, in folio, the first volume of his voyage to Jamaica; but the second did not appear till 1725. He attended queen Anne in her last illness; and on the accession of George I. was created a baronet. He was also appointed physician-general to the army, which place he enjoyed till 1727, when he became physician to George II. In 1719 he was elected president of the College of Physicians; and on the death of Newton he was placed in the chair of the Royal Society; the first of these situations he resigned in 1733, and the latter in 1740. His remains were interred in Chelsea church, in the same grave with his lady, who died in 1724, and by whom he had two daughters: one married to George Stanley, Esq., and the other to Lord Cadogan. His collection of curiosities he bequeathed to the public, on condition that 20,000*l.* should be paid for it to his family, which was acceded to by parliament, and thus commenced the British Museum, which was opened in 1759. Sir Hans, in his lifetime, gave a freehold at Chelsea to the Company of Apothecaries for a botanical garden.—*Biographia Britannica.*

Jan. 14, 1741-2, died,

DR. EDMUND HALLEY, the celebrated astronomer.

He was born in London in 1656, and educated at St. Paul's School, and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he made so great a progress in his mathematical studies, that in 1676 he published observations on a spot in the sun, by which the motion of that body on its axis was determined. The same year he went to St. Helena, where he determined the position of 360 stars, which procured him the name of the Southern Tycho. On his return to England he was created master of arts, and chosen a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1686 he made the tour of Europe with Mr. Nelson; and on the passage to Calais was the first to observe the great comet. After his return to England he turned his attention to the theory of the planetary

motions, which brought him acquainted with Isaac Newton, who intrusted to him the publication of his *Principia*. To ascertain exactly the cause of the variation of the compass, he was made commander of a ship in 1698, and sent to the western ocean; but his crew being mutinous, he was obliged to return. The year following he sailed again, and proceeded as far south as the ice would permit; the result of which observations he published in a general chart. Soon after this he was employed to observe the course of the tides in the channel, and to make a correct chart of the same. Having accomplished this object, he went to make a survey of the coast of Dalmatia for the emperor. In 1703, he was appointed professor of geometry at Oxford, and honoured with the degree of doctor of laws. In 1710, he published an edition of the works of Apollonius of Perga; and in 1719, was appointed astronomer royal. He was also chosen a foreign member of the French Academy of Sciences. His astronomical tables were published in 1749.—*Ibid.*

Jan. 16, 1794, died,

EDWARD GIBBON,

Author of the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." He was born at Putney, April 27, 1737. After being a little time in Westminster School, he was placed under Philip Francis, the translator of Horace; at fifteen he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he remained little more than a year, having professed himself a convert to popery. He was then placed with a Calvinistic minister at Lausanne, where he renounced the Roman faith, without, however, taking up any other. In 1758, he returned to England, and about 1761 obtained a commission in the Hampshire militia; and when the regiment was disbanded, he resumed his studies, chiefly devoting his time to the Greek language, with a view to historical composition. In 1763 he went on his travels, and while sitting under the ruins of the capitol of Rome he formed the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of that city, which he began in 1770, the first volume in quarto appearing in 1776; but though greatly admired, it was immediately attacked on account of the offensive chapters in it respecting Christianity. The remainder of the work came out at intervals, the sixth and last being published in 1788. In 1783 he went to reside at Lausanne, where he continued till the French revolution obliged him to return to England. His friend Lord Sheffield published, in 1796, the memoirs and miscellaneous works of Mr.

Gibbon, in two volumes quarto, to which another volume of papers and correspondence has since been added.—*General Biographical Dictionary.*

Jan. 19, 1729, died,

WILLIAM CONGREVE,

A dramatic writer and poet, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the Duchess of Marlborough, to whom he bequeathed all his property, erected a monument. He was born at Bardsay Grange, near Leeds, in 1670, and educated at Kilkenny, in Ireland, and at Trinity College, Dublin; after which he became a student of the Middle Temple. His first literary production was a romance, called "Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconciled," written, it is said, at the age of seventeen. In 1693 appeared his comedy of the "Old Batchelor," which was received with great applause, and recommended the author to the Earl of Halifax, who made him a commissioner of hackney coaches; afterwards of the Pipe Office; and next of the wine licenses, worth 600*l.* a year. His next play was the "Double Dealer;" and in 1695 he brought out "Love for Love." In 1697 the "Mourning Bride" was acted at the theatre, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and increased his reputation. His attention was now called to another species of writing, by the attack which Collier made on the licentiousness of his plays. After which he brought out his "Way of the World," which did not meet with success, and he retired from the stage in disgust. He now amused himself with writing poems and translations, which he collected and published in 1710. On the death of queen Mary he wrote a pastoral, for which the king gave him 100*l.*; and he afterwards presented to that monarch an ode on the taking of Namur. In 1701, his hymn in honour of St. Cecilia was set to music.—*Biographia Dramatica.*

Jan. 20, 1779, died,

DAVID GARRICK.

He was born at Hereford, Feb. 28, 1716, his father, who was a captain in the army, being there on a recruiting party; his grandfather was a French merchant, who settled in England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. David received his education at the grammar-school of Litchfield, and was afterwards placed under Samuel Johnson, with whom he came to London in 1735. Here Garrick embarked in the wine trade as partner with his brother Peter; but business not suiting his inclination, he turned his thoughts to the stage, and in 1741 made his first appearance under the assumed name of



Lyddall, at Ipswich, in the character of *Aboan*, in *Oronoko*. On the 19th of October, in the same year, he came out in *Richard the Third*, at the theatre in Goodman's-fields; and here his popularity exceeded all that had ever been known in dramatic history. The other houses were deserted, which so provoked the patentees, that they exerted their interest in getting the rival theatre suppressed. Garrick now entered into a contract with Fleetwood, of Drury-lane; and in the ensuing summer he was invited to Dublin, where the concourse of spectators was so great every night as to occasion a disorder, which went by the name of Garrick's fever. In 1747 he became a joint patentee of the theatre; and in 1749 married Mademoiselle Violette, an Italian performer. In 1769 he projected a grand entertainment in honour of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, called the Jubilee. On the death of Lacy, in 1773, he became sole patentee of the theatre, which he sold, in 1776, for 35,000*l.* to Sheridan, Linley, and Wood. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his friend, Albany Wallis, some years afterwards, erected a monument to his memory. He wrote several dramatic pieces, songs, prologues, and epilogues.—*Life by Davies.*

Jan. 20, 1790, died,

JOHN HOWARD,

the philanthropist. He was born at Hackney in 1726, and bound an apprentice to a grocer in London; but disliking the business, and having an independent fortune, he purchased his indentures, and made the tour of France and Italy. On his return he married a widow lady, much older than himself, who died about three years afterwards. In 1756 he undertook a voyage to Lisbon, to see the place after the earthquake; but on the voyage was taken by a French privateer, and carried to France. On being released, Mr. Howard retired to a villa in the New Forest; and in 1758 married a second time, but lost his lady, who died in child-bed, in 1765. About this time he settled in Cardington, near Bedford. In the year 1773 he served the office of high sheriff, which led him to make inquiries into the state of the prisons. With this view he travelled over England, through France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. He published, in 1777, a work entitled "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales," dedicated to the House of Commons. In 1780 came out an Appendix, with an account of the author's travels in Italy; he also printed a description of the Bastille, a translation of the Duke of Tuscany's "New Code

of Civil Law," and, in 1789, "An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe." The plague was now the object of his researches; and with a design of ascertaining the nature of this disorder, and the means of curing it, he set out for the east, but died of a malignant epidemic at Cherson. A statue has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral.—*Life by Aikin.* PASCHE.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

DR. HUTCHISON, in the last edition of his "Practical Observations in Surgery," illustrates his argument in favour of immediate amputation in gun-shot wounds with the following characteristic traits of British bravery:—

Every officer, seaman, soldier, or marine, who had undergone amputation from gun-shot wounds, and had fallen under my observation and management, says Dr. H., have all uniformly acknowledged, that at the time of their being wounded they were scarcely sensible of the circumstance, till informed of the extent of their misfortune by the inability of moving their limb; although, sometimes, previously aware of having received a smart blow on the injured part.

When surgeon of the Terror, in 1803, in a night action off Granville, a quartermaster came down to me in the cockpit, crawling on his hands and one leg, dragging the other after him, and said, "Sir, I believe I am wounded, but am not certain, only that I cannot use my leg. I was in the act of re-hoisting the colours that had been shot away, when I felt something smartly strike the calf of my leg; and I feel my trousers wet, which I suspect to be with blood." This poor man had actually been wounded on the calf of the leg by a spent twenty-four pound shot, which dreadfully lacerated the gastrocnemius and soleus muscles, from the popliteal cavity to their consolidation in the tendo Achillis, at the same time fracturing both tibia and fibula.

To place this matter beyond contradiction, as far, at least, as the evidence of numbers can vouch for facts, it may be mentioned that, out of upwards of ninety soldiers, badly wounded in the memorable battle of Waterloo, and afterwards removed from Brussels to Deal Naval Hospital, and whom I separately interrogated on the point in question, in the presence of Sir John Mead, deputy Inspector of hospitals for the Kent district, not one appeared to have lost complete self-pos-

sensation for a moment. On the contrary, many of them continued fighting in the ranks of their respective regiments, after having been struck more than once, twice, or three times even, with musket-balls: many of those men were wounded with grape-shot; some through the lungs; abdomen, face, neck, vertebral column, joints of the knee, elbow, and wrist. Some of this number had also suffered amputation, and there were about eighteen that laboured under gun-shot fractures of the upper and lower extremities. Two or three, from the extensive nature of their wounds and loss of blood, afterwards became faint. Such, indeed, were the effects on my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith, of the 95th, who underwent amputation of the left leg, both bones of which had been fractured close to the ankle joint, by a grape-shot which lodged in the part. This gallant officer was totally unacquainted with his calamitous wound, till informed of it some time after by a staff-officer, who first called his attention to the circumstance, on perceiving a stream of blood flowing from the boot and stirrup-iron to the ground; and after such a lapse of time, the loss of blood must have been considerable, which produced some degree of faintness.

With respect to the alarm produced on the patient's mind by the infliction of such a wound in battle, as will require the amputation of a limb; and supposing, also, to that be superadded considerable exhaustion of the vital powers, in consequence of previous great bodily fatigue and sensorial excitement: will the delay of a few hours tend to remove the cause of this reduced state of the animal functions, taking into our consideration that the number of nerves lacerated are a constant source of irritation to the sensorium, acting indeed immediately upon it? I should apprehend not; and further, that, far from tranquillizing or renovating the exhausted excitability, every moment the operation is delayed will only tend greatly to increase the evil intended to be guarded against.

If I do not misconceive the author's meaning in his application of the word alarm, I think it may be fitly denominated fear, either of death, or the pain anticipated from the operation the patient is about to undergo, or both. Fear is a depressing passion, which debilitates the vital powers in a very extraordinary degree, and has in some instances proved fatal; but, happily for the national cha-

\* Mr. Guthrie, who thinks that, previous to the operation, time should be allowed for the constitution to recover itself from the alarm it has sustained.

acter of these realms, it is an impression seldom harboured in the breasts of British seamen or soldiers; yet it must be acknowledged, that even in them it sometimes has occurred; and in the treatment of disease or management of accidents, it is unquestionably one of the most unfavourable circumstances a medical man has to encounter; for I hardly recollect an instance in which the patient persevered in believing himself in a hopeless state, that was not attended with a fatal termination.

#### DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

MR. PEEL, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon,) said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord, "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet gone over!

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